

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

53

She's new
and she's
NEWS!

NELSON'S COLUMN

WHEN Wild, Manchester City forward, offered to assist Bath City in war-time football, an unexpected snag arose. No boots could be found small enough to fit him.

A 10-year-old son of a naval chief petty officer (who has been missing since the Battle of the Java Seas) came to the rescue. He lent the club a pair of size 6 boots—and Wild filled them with distinction.

The club returned the courtesy. At Bath City's next home match, a proud **SMALL BOY** occupied a seat of honour in the directors' box.

CHARLIE BUMSTEAD is 20, a tool-maker, a Cockney from London's Old Kent Road—and a bit of a footballer.

Early this season Charlie walked into the office of his local League club—Millwall—and asked for a trial with the junior team. As a centre-half; for it was as a half-back that Charlie had always played his bit of football.

Bill Moore, who coaches Millwall juniors, shook his head.

"Nothing doing yet for centre-halves, laddie," he explained. "What we want is a goalkeeper."

Charlie thought for a moment, then volunteered: "Well, give me a chance in goal."

So Charlie Bumstead became a goalkeeper. Three months in that unaccustomed position, and Charlie began to shape as if he had played there all his life. So pleased was Bill Moore that the lad was promised a chance in Millwall's senior team.

The day came. Charlie Bumstead was chosen as Millwall's goalkeeper against Portsmouth, the last Cup winners. He was beaten six times—but was picked again the following week against Arsenal. Another six goals in his net! Twelve in his first two matches.

But Millwall believe they have found a goalkeeper with a future in Charlie Bumstead, tool-maker from the Old Kent Road.

STAN HIBBERT came into this world with one leg so badly twisted that doctors thought he would be crippled to the end of his days.

An unkind start for a boy who did so want to be a boxer. But Stan was undaunted. He underwent five operations to try to get his leg straightened out. For years he wore an aluminium boot. By a miracle, what surgeons feared a hopeless case was cured.

Even so, Stan was frail. Ill-health dogged him. Luck never seemed to come his way. But one thing Stan had in plenty—courage.

He set himself long, tedious exercises to strengthen his limbs. He spent hours shadow-boxing, to gain speed. Whenever he could, he watched others—and learned.

To-day, at the age of 17, Stan is on the way to being one of the best lightweight we have in this country.

DENIS COMPTON, England cricketer and Arsenal footballer, joined the Army as a sergeant P.T. instructor. Now he is training at an O.C.T.U. in the hope of obtaining a commission in the infantry.

Yes, the P.B.I. Denis has for months been pestering the authorities to transfer him to a combatant unit.



Joy Millan, whom director Val Guest describes as "the perfect screen blonde" (see story by Call Boy). What do our readers think about this new face in filmland? Let's have a vote on the matter.

WHO'S WHO IN THE SCREEN-PLAYS OF TO-MORROW

By
CALL BOY

FROM the film studios, Call Boy brings you news of films in the making and of the people in them.

Gainsborough film director Val Guest was complaining to all and sundry that he could not find enough natural blondes for the new musical comedy, "Bees in Paradise," starring Arthur Askey.

Sitting in her home in Stanmore, Middlesex, was Joy Millan, a happily married girl of 23—tall, blonde and beautiful—thinking of her husband in his factory and of her two cocker spaniels playing in the garden, and thinking not at all of Guest and his blonde problems. When the phone rang, Joy answered, and when a voice said, "I hear you are a beautiful blonde—would you like to play in a film?" she thought it was a joke. It took Val Guest quite ten minutes to persuade Joy that he was serious, that her name had been mentioned by a friend, and that she was wanted at the studio for a film test.

The result of that test was a part for Joy Millan in "Bees in Paradise," at Islington Studios. Each morning, Joy, described by Guest as "the perfect screen blonde," leaves home at 7 a.m. to work in the film, returning at night to do part-time work at her husband's factory, making war necessities.

JOYCE COMPTON has been signed by Paramount for the screen version of the Broadway musical success, "Let's Face It," starring Bob Hope and Betty Hutton, with Sidney Lanfield directing.

LEWIS ALLEN, brilliant stage director, makes his screen directorial debut on "The Uninvited," the exciting ghost novel by Dorothy McCordle, which Paramount is producing, with Ray Milland in the male lead.

VERONICA LAKE and Franchot Tone have been cast by B. G. De Sylva, executive producer, to co-star in Paramount's picturisation of the Somerset Maugham best-selling novel, "The Hour Before Dawn."

The story is set in England during the present war, and deals with espionage and counter-espionage against the Germans.

GINGER ROGERS' first colour picture, "Lady in the Dark," has been completed, and this is one of Hollywood's major productions of 1943. Ginger is again co-starred with Ray Milland, following their tremendous success together in "The Major and the Minor," and the huge cast also includes Warner Baxter, Jon Hall, Barry Sullivan, Mischa Auer, and Phyllis Brooks. Mitchell Leisen is the director of this great screen version of the sensational Broadway musical play.

THE action of "Night Plane from Chungking" throws together an ill-assorted group of travellers, first on a bus lumbering along the mud and truck-clogged road, then on an airplane, which is subsequently shot down in the jungle, then as prisoners of a brutal Nazi officer in a Jap-held monastery, and, finally, on an airplane, freedom-bound.

In addition to Robert Preston and Ellen Drew, there is a first-line cast, including Otto Kruger, Stephen Geray, Tamara Geva, Ernest Dorian, Soo Yong and Sen Yung. The picture was directed by Ralph Murphy. "Night Plane from Chungking," which presents Robert Preston as an American pilot, is the actor's last picture for the duration of the war. Immediately upon its completion he entered the U.S. Army.

FOLLOWING the first curtain at the Comedy Theatre comes a thirty-minute first act that proves beyond doubt that the revived Seymour Hicks' "Vintage Wine" is going to enjoy the popularity of its first showing at Daly's in 1934. In addition to establishing the characters in a delightful setting, the first act is full of fun and whimsy, and provides a taste of good things to come.

Geoffrey Saville is excellent in the male lead, inasmuch as he is a good imitation of Seymour Hicks, though having seen the original, the imitator is



Robert Preston

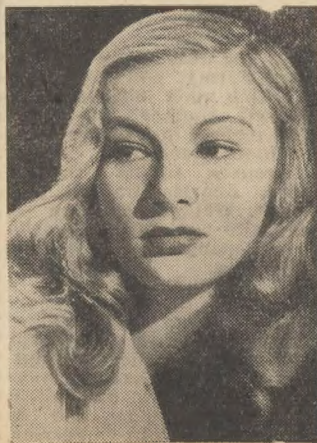
definitely in a shadow. However, it is fair to say that he and his lines are good enough to get the laughs, even though he does lack some of the polished rascality of the great Hicks.

Beryl Mason is delightful as the young wife, and, as the majestic great-grandmother, Margaret Halston is superb. Barbara Shotter punctuates the show with bright entrances, which are always at embarrassing moments, and her frivolity and charm are likely to take her a long way en route for stardom. Pardon me mentioning a mere maid, but Joan Button, who performs this part pleasingly, was, not so very long ago, struggling hard in an out-of-town repertory company. She, too, is climbing rapidly.

I HAVE just seen "Chetniks," the new 20th Century Fox film. At this time it is showing in the heart of the British Empire; perhaps you saw it on the other side of the pond. Maybe war films don't get your pennies, but, anyway, I thought it was quite a good film and worth seeing for production value. The cast has Philip Dorn opposite Anna Sten, with John Shepperd and Virginia Gilmore in big parts.

"Chetnik" is a Serbian word, the name by which any member of those guerrilla-trained fighting bands of Serbs is known. Appropriately then, it is the title of a story that deals with the greatest of all Chetniks, Draja Mihailovitch, General of the Yugoslav armies thorn in the flesh of the Germans, who occupied the country, but were powerless to conquer the spirit of its people.

The story re-enacts many of the actual incidents which made thrilling and inspiring headlines during the tragic days when the Yugoslavs retreated before the advancing German numbers to the impenetrable mountain hide-outs and there defied both the might and the cruel cunning of the enemy. If any more documentation were needed than that already written in the blood-stained pages of history of an enemy without honour in word or deed, this would contribute mightily to the record. Its fiction is as much in accord with known facts as are the ruses by which the Chetniks paid back in kind to the best of their ability. The drama and suspense is made intense through the story of the loved ones who are left behind—the leader's wife and children—the sweetheart of his aide—all were powerless to openly resist, but still aided their cause heroically in the face of death or worse.



Veronica Lake

News frae SCOTLAND

PLENTY "WHUSKY."

NO cereals from this year's crop are to be allocated for the manufacture of whisky. Malt distillers are completing their 1942-43 quotas from malt on hand.

Some West Highland distilleries which have closed down disposed of their surplus grain for other purposes. Latest reports are that there is no scarcity of "Scotch."

Many millions of gallons are maturing.

MINERS' SWELL HOME.

GLENEAGLES, one of Scotland's luxury hotels, is now the home of a special rehabilitation or fitness centre for Scottish miners. Colliers who have been injured or who have been ill are given restorative treatment. No charge is made for treatment.

The Miners' Welfare Commission pay travelling expenses of patients and arrange free travel when they go home for week-ends. The Scottish Department of Health, the Ministry of Fuel and Power, and the Miners' Welfare Commission are responsible for this home from home.

STUDENTS FOR HARVEST.

TO help in gathering the 1943 harvest, 4,000 Scottish University students are being asked to suspend their studies and do some back-bending. They will act as hostel leaders and form a nucleus of workers whose numbers will be made up of

volunteers from Government and municipal offices and business and industrial sources.

DEVELOPING HIGHLANDS.

FOR the purpose of fostering development in the Highlands and Islands, men and women of Highland experience are to examine specific ideas and proposals affecting their areas.

Ideas for local development are to be sifted, and those which might lead to fruitful development are to be brought to the notice of the Scottish Council on Industry.

OH, THOSE CORNS!

OVER 75,000 soldiers in Scotland have had their feet treated by the mobile chiropody units organised jointly by the Red Cross and the Scottish branches of the Incorporated Society of Chiropodists.

"The wise are instructed by reason; ordinary minds by experience; the stupid by necessity."

Cicero.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."

Bible.

God never made His work for man to mend.
John Dryden (1631-1701).

MADE SUBMARINES.

MR. J. B. HUTCHISON, a director of Scott's Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Greenock, has retired.

During his 42 years' service he was responsible for the construction of a large number of H.M. ships, including many submarines.

STARTED AT 13.

SIR ALEXANDER RAMSAY, a Dunblane man, put the case for the employers before the Arbitration Tribunal which considered the wages of engineers and made a wages award which will cost £30,000,000 a year.

He started work in a Scottish foundry at 13, heating rivets for 11 hours daily. In the 1914-18 war he was an expert in submarine mine manufacture.

HIGH STEPPER.

TWO Campbelltown men, one well over six feet tall and the other well below Guards height standard, had more than their share of Irish whiskey.

Making their way home, the taller man crouched down as he passed several telegraph poles.

"What on earth are you doing that for?" asked his companion.

"Man," he replied, "I'm dodging these telegraph wires." "Dinna be a fool," retorted the short Scot, "Step over them as I'm doing."

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—16

1. Place the same three letters in the same order, both before and after WINEM, and make a word.
2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: INCANDESCENT, LINOLIUM, SINISTER, BRAILLE, CARET.
3. Can you change BLUE into PINK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: LESS into MORE into MOST, FAIL into MOAN, LIE into SIT into RUN.
4. How many three-letter and four-letter words can you make from the word ECCLESIASTICAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—15

- 1.—REDELIVERED.
- 2.—INCONGRUOUS.
- 3.—APE, ARE, ERE, ERR, EAR, MAR, MAN.
MINE, MINT, MIST, MOST, MOAT, COAT, COAL.
RAGS, RAGE, RAPE, RIFE, RILE, RILL, SILL, SILK.
FISH, WISH, WIST, WEST, BEST, BEAT, MEAT.
- 4.—SODA, CORD, CARD, COIN, DISC, RAID, ROSY, CRAN, etc.
DAISY, CROSS, RADIO, NOISY, CRONY, CORNS, CARDS, etc.



LUXURY SHOESHINE

In Britain the bootblack gets down on his knees to shine one's shoes. In U.S.A. shoeshining is a dignified profession. Under an umbrella, you can sit in state while the shoeshiner does his stuff. Five cents, black or brown. Or maybe ten cents. All in an armchair—and if you like you can read a newspaper the while. "O.K., boss."

Men in great places are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

Francis Bacon
(1561-1626).

Send us your stories, jokes, drawings and ideas—help produce your own newspaper.

Super Brains Trust

THE question we put to the Super Brains Trust this time was:—

What is the secret of success?
Confucius: "In all things success depends upon previous preparation, and without such preparation there is sure to be failure."

Disraeli: "That may be true of a particular project, such as a war. But I think general success is the child of audacity. A certain singleness of mind is necessary, and then it only remains to dare absolutely anything to attain your object."

Edison: "The singleness of mind is most important. My advice to anybody would be, when you set out to do anything, never let anything disturb you from doing that one thing. To put your whole mind on one thing, and keep it there for hours at a time, takes practice, but that is the secret of success."

Sir Walter Scott: "Yes, perseverance is one thing, but another, equally important, is fortitude. Allow nothing to discourage you."

Oliver Cromwell: "But there is another side to all this. I have found, for instance, that one never rises so high as when one does not know where one is going. In such cases, preparations and plans may be a hindrance, and there is no particular purpose on which to fix your mind, but only a general one."

Emerson: "That is often so, and in such cases self-trust is the secret of success."
Homer: "Self-trust—or trust in the gods? I say it is man's part to fight, and heaven's to give success."

Shakespeare: "Some men are born to be successful; others are successful in spite of themselves. I think there is a sort of divinity that shapes our ends, no matter how we rough-hew them."

ODD CORNER

IN 1887, wireless waves were discovered simultaneously by Hertz in Germany and Sir Oliver Lodge in England. Neither knew that the other was experimenting, but as Lodge did not make his discovery known immediately, the waves became known as Hertzian waves.

In the 1680's, Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz both invented the calculus independently, but once again the German announced his invention first. When Newton showed that he had been using the calculus for some years previously, Leibnitz accused him of stealing his discovery. Later, Leibnitz said of Newton, "Taking mathematics from the beginning of the world to the present time, what Newton has done is much the better half."

In the 1630's, the Frenchmen Fermat and Descartes, working quite independently of one another, discovered the method known as "co-ordinate geometry" simultaneously. In the 19th century, Charles Darwin and A. R. Wallace, working on opposite sides of the world, simultaneously discovered evolution.

In 1774, the British chemist, Priestly, and the Swedish chemist, Scheele, simultaneously discovered oxygen; and in 1845 the British astronomer, Adams, and the Frenchman, Le Verrier, made independent discoveries of the planet Neptune.

R. L. Stevenson: "Everything depends on what you mean by 'success.' Our chief business in this world is not to succeed, in the ordinary sense of the word, but to continue to fail, in good spirits. If you can do that, I think you may claim to be reasonably successful."

Dr. Johnson: "Sir, there is much in that. It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things."

Voltaire: "Stevenson is undoubtedly right. Everything succeeds with people who are sweet and cheerful."

Longfellow: "I think the secret of success is to do nothing except what you can do well, and to do it well without any thought of success at all."

Thoreau: "The only people who are successful are those who earn their living doing the thing which gives them the most pleasure. The art of success is to make that thing earn your living for you."

Macaulay: "If by success is meant fame and reward, it is

worth noting that the world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well."

Benjamin Franklin: "I agree most with Edison, but perhaps that is because we are fellow-inventors. I say, let all your things have their place; let each part of your business have its time. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform, without fail, what you resolve. Lose no time; be always employed in something useful."

Sophocles: "There is one thing, I think, which we should constantly remember, and that is that success, properly understood, is the reward of toil."

But most of us know well enough that there is much toil in this world which brings no success, and that success, when it comes, is not always deserved. What, then, is its secret? Do you think any member of the Super Brains Trust has laid his finger on it?



CURIOUS ACCIDENTS

"WINDFALLS"

A lorry, laden with apples, collapsed in the main street of Maidstone. Fortunately for the children who quickly came on the scene, they were eating apples.

NEMO of the NAUTILUS QUIZ for today

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

WHAT was this ship? Why did the Nautilus come to visit its tomb? Was it only a wreck that had drawn the Nautilus under water?

I did not know what to think, when, near me, I heard Captain Nemo say in a slow voice—

"Once that ship was called the *Marseillais*. It carried seventy-four guns, and was launched in 1762. It is 74 years ago to-day, that in this same place, by 47° 4' latitude and 17° 28' longitude, this ship, after an heroic fight, dismantled, the water in her hold, the third of her crew disabled, preferred to sink with her 356 sailors than to surrender, and, nailing her colours to her stern, disappeared under the waves to the cry of 'Vive la République!'"

"The *Vengeur*!" I exclaimed.
"Yes, sir. The *Vengeur*! A glorious name!" murmured the captain as he folded his arms.



The unexpectedness of this scene and the way it was spoken of, the account of the patriotic ship, given coldly at first, and then the emotion with which the strange person had uttered his last words, this name of *Vengeur*, the signification of which could not escape me, all struck my imagination profoundly. My eyes no longer left the captain. He, with hands stretched out to the sea, was looking with ardent eyes at the glorious wreck. Perhaps I never was to know who he was, from whence he came, whither he was going, but I saw the man

What Time?

The French clock took the same time to chime three strokes as it took the grandfather clock to strike two times. Both clocks began to strike the hour at precisely the same moment, and the last stroke of the French clock coincided exactly with the last stroke but two of the grandfather clock. What time was it?

At that moment a dull detonation was heard. I looked at the captain, but he did not stir.

"Captain?" I said.

He did not answer.

I left him and went up on to the platform. Conseil and the Canadian had preceded me there.

"What was that noise?" I asked.

"A gunshot," answered Ned Land.

I looked in the direction of the ship I had perceived before. She

had neared the *Nautilus*, and was putting on more steam. Six miles separated us from her.

"What vessel is that, Ned?"

"By her rigging and the height of her low masts," answered the Canadian, "I bet she's a warship. I hope she'll come and sink us, if necessary, along with this confounded *Nautilus*."

"What harm can she do the *Nautilus*, friend Ned?" said Conseil. "Can she attack it under the waves? Will she cannonade it at the bottom of the sea?"

"Can you tell me her nationality, friend Ned?" I asked.

The Canadian frowned, screwed up his eyes, and fixed the whole power of his eyes on to the ship.

"No, sir," he answered. "I cannot find out to what nation she belongs. Her colours are not hoisted. But I can affirm that she is a ship-of-war, for a long pennant is floating from her mainmast."

For a quarter of an hour we went on looking at the ship that was bearing down upon us. Still I did not think she had sighted the *Nautilus* at that distance, still less did she know what it was.

The Canadian soon announced that this vessel was a large warship, a two-decker, and an iron-clad with a ram.

Thick black smoke was issuing from her two funnels. Her reefed sails could not be distinguished from her yards. She bore no colours.

Distance prevented us making out the colour of her pennant, which streamed like a narrow ribbon.

She was rapidly approaching.

If Captain Nemo allowed her to

Continued on Page 3.

1. What is the name of a hare's nest?
2. Who wrote (a) "Tom Brown's School-days," (b) "Tom Jones," (c) "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?
3. What is "ambrosia"?
4. Who was the philosopher who lived in a tub?
5. What English counties border Scotland?
6. What is meant by sortilege?
7. Who invented the sewing machine, and what was his nationality?
8. What are the English names of these places: Wien, München, Köln, Anvers, Brno, Praha?
9. How many times bigger than the earth is the sun?
10. Which king was first addressed as "Your Majesty"?
11. What prize-fighter became a Member of Parliament?
12. What is the name of the large lake in Hyde Park, London?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Divining by means of a rod.
2. Oliver Goldsmith.
3. A new moon is invisible.
4. A gaggle of geese.
5. From a notice in a railway carriage, "No Smoking."
6. Jonas Hanway, in London, 1770.
7. A flavouring obtained from an orchid.
8. Carlyle. All the others are poets.
9. The White Queen, in "Alice in Wonderland."
10. (a) Salisbury Cathedral, (b) Cologne Cathedral.
11. To enrol as a member of a society, such as a university.
12. Specially minted silver pennies, fourpenny pieces, etc., given to the poor at Westminster Abbey every year on Maundy Thursday.

JANE



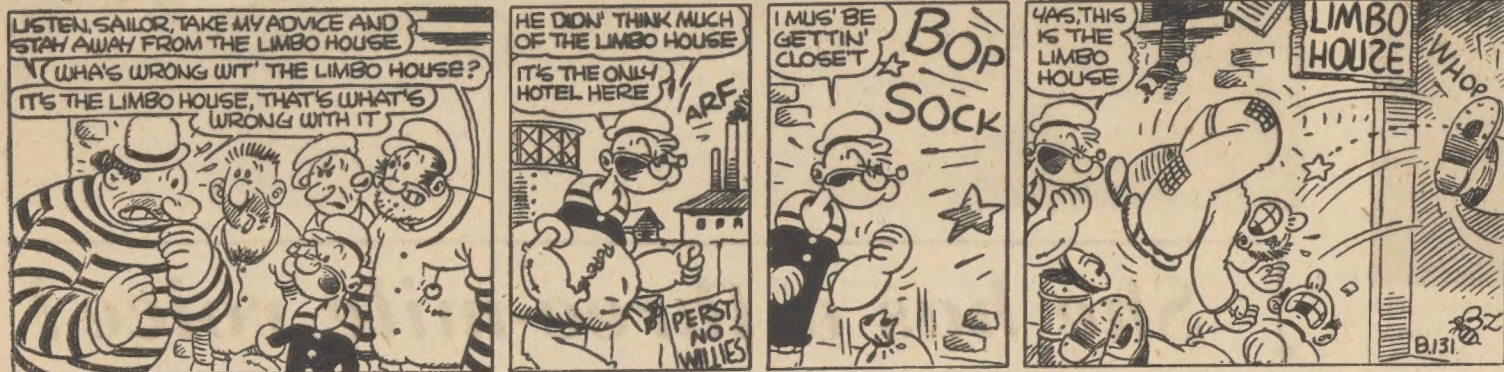
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

come near it would offer us a chance of escape.

"Sir," said Ned Land to me, "if that ship passes within a mile of us I shall throw myself into the sea, and I advise you to do the same."

I did not answer the Canadian's proposition, and went on looking at the ship, which grew gradually larger. Whether she were English, French, American, or Russian, she would certainly take us in if we could reach her.

"Monsieur will please to remember that we have had some experience in swimming. He can leave me the care of towing him towards the ship if it suits him to follow Ned," said Conseil.

I was going to answer when some white smoke issued from the prow of the vessel. Then, a few seconds afterwards, the water aft of the Nautilus was thrown up by the fall of some heavy body. In a short time I heard the report.

"Why, they are firing at us!" I exclaimed.

"Good people!" muttered the

Canadian. "Then they do not take us for shipwrecked men on a raft!"

"If monsieur will allow me to say so, that's right," said Conseil, shaking off the water that another shot had sprinkled him with. "If monsieur will allow me to say so, they have sighted the narwhal, and are firing at the narwhal."

"But they must see that they have men to deal with!" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps that is the reason," answered Ned Land, looking at me. Quite a revelation was made in my mind. They doubtless knew now what to think about the exist-

tence of the pretended monster. Doubtless Captain Farragut had found out that the Nautilus was a submarine boat, and more dangerous than a supernatural cetacean when it struck against the Abraham Lincoln.

Yes, it must be so, and they were doubtless pursuing the terrible engine of destruction in every sea.

Terrible if, as might be supposed, Captain Nemo was employing the Nautilus in a work of vengeance. During that night when he imprisoned us in the cell, in the Indian Ocean, had he not attacked some ship? The man now interred in the coral cemetery, was he not a victim of the shock provoked by the Nautilus? Yes, I repeat, it must be so. A part of the mysterious existence of Captain Nemo was revealed. And if his identity was not found out, at least nations coalesced against him, chasing now no chimerical being, but a man who had vowed them implacable hatred!

All the formidable past appeared before my eyes. Instead of meeting with friends on the ship that was

approaching, we should only find pitiless enemies.

In the meantime cannon-balls were multiplying around us. Some, meeting the liquid surface, ricocheted to considerable distances. But none reached the Nautilus.

The ironclad was then not more than three miles off. Notwithstanding the violent cannonade, Captain Nemo did not make his appearance on the platform. And yet if one of these conical shots had struck the hull of the Nautilus in a normal line it would have been fatal to it.

The Canadian then said to me—"Sir, we ought to attempt anything to get out of this. Let us make signals! Mille diables! They will perhaps understand that we are honest men!"

(Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Puzzle in No. 52

Word-Finding: Some words of four or more letters in NEWSPAPER are: News, papers, pews, paws, pens, saws, sewer, sapper, saps, naps, weep, renew, wasp, reap, sweep, swear, ease, seep, spear, near, nape, sere, seen, wear, warp, sneer, prawn.

Round Houses

By F. W. THOMAS

SOME years ago, when all the world was green, and one shave a week was overdoing it, I read a book called "Life in a Windmill." And immediately I wanted to live in a windmill. It sounded so frightfully jolly and all that.

For weeks I walked about Sussex, knocking at the doors of windmills, asking the farmers when they expected to go broke and be sold up. In which event I should like to have the first refusal.

During this excursion I was bitten by seven dogs, but trousers were cheap in those days. Then I met Pongelow.

Pongelow was a poet, which is probably the reason why you have never heard his name before; and he did really and truly live in a windmill, somewhere on the Berkshire Downs.

It was right away from everything, including civilisation; and about once a week, or when he could scrape the fare together, Pongelow used to run up to town for a bath. It was on one such occasion that we met.

"Don't do it," he said, when I told him of my desire to live in a windmill. "Don't do it. Go on wishing to live in a windmill by all means, but don't do it." And he gave me his reasons.

"Earwigs," he said. Earwigs love warmth, and they crawled into his sleeping-sack in platoons. Then there was the cupola. That is the domed roof, you know, which wears a rudder thing, and turns round with the wind. And sometimes in the middle of the night the sails would start working.

The noise, said Pongelow, was horrible, and spoilt several good poems.

Then there was the infernal roundness of the place. No corners to stick umbrellas in. And the furniture didn't fit, the pictures dangled and swung about.

Music was one of Pongelow's hobbies, but after searching London for a curved piano that would go against a wall, he had to give it up and take to the trombone. This he could manage to play by sticking one end out of the window.

Unfortunately, Pongelow was not a good trombonist, and the noises he produced were more agricultural than musical. Cows were attracted thereby.

They heard his bellowings, mistook them for the local bull, and came across country for miles. Sometimes he would stop playing and look out of the window, to see hundreds of lovesick cows gazing up at him.

And the farmers got so annoyed. They would come round with sticks and things, sorting out their property, and saying the most unkind things to Pongelow. Coarse men, farmers.

In the end Pongelow got fed up with his windmill, and having sold his trombone to pay the rent, he moved. But poets are funny people. Pongelow couldn't stand the idea of living in a house stuck in one spot.

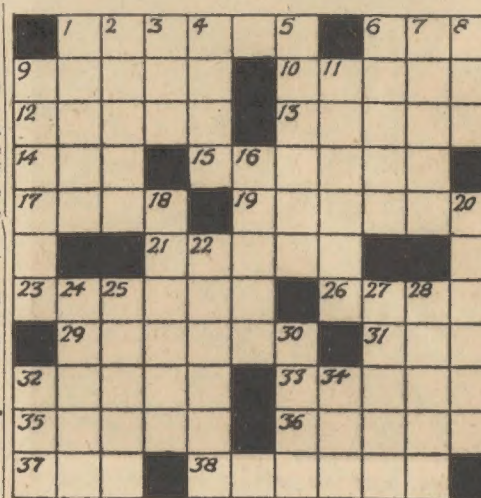
He was a rover at heart, in love with the wide open spaces, the wind on the heath, and all that. So he bought himself a caravan.

For a few weeks he was very happy, roaming around the Surrey lanes, pitching his home on wayside commons, and going about with a perpetual Tra-la-la on his lips.

JOURNEY'S END.

But one night he forgot to take the horse out of the doings, and went to bed. What happened then we shall never know, but my own idea is that Pongelow talked in his sleep. Probably he said something like "Giddup," and the horse heard him and goddup. They have never been seen since.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Mendicant.
 - 6 Perched.
 - 9 Punitive.
 - 10 Humiliate.
 - 12 Long hill-top.
 - 13 Pillar groove.
 - 14 Past.
 - 15 Worn out.
 - 17 Information.
 - 19 Ships.
 - 21 Of the flank.
 - 23 Depress.
 - 26 Robust.
 - 29 Narrate.
 - 31 Jewel.
 - 32 Flaps.
 - 33 Dare.
 - 35 Apart.
 - 36 Two-footed.
 - 37 So far.
 - 38 Disperse.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

9 CHAR CASH
TAR MUTABLE
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TIRADES ERG
SPED WELL E

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Unbleached colour.
 - 2 Invest with power.
 - 3 Silence.
 - 4 Vocal composition.
 - 5 Palm fibre.
 - 6 Quickly fried.
 - 7 Garden flower.
 - 8 Objective in quolls.
 - 9 Escapades.
 - 11 Quail.
 - 16 Hard stone.
 - 18 Walked timidly.
 - 20 Appeared.
 - 22 Let.
 - 24 Occurred.
 - 25 Enter against.
 - 27 Yawning.
 - 28 Make uniform.
 - 29 Recedes.
 - 32 Ballad.
 - 34 Tear quickly.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

Don't you recognise the loose stone wall of Lakeland? Can't you see that shoulder of rugged hill, part of the Langdale Pikes, and doesn't that dog look positively restless to be back with sheep? Maybe it IS lonesome up in the Fells, but once you've been there, and known the people, you're never free from the call to go back.



This is Barbara Britton, and we offer this picture to the vote—have we ever published a more appealing face? Write and tell us. She is shortly to be seen in Paramount's "So Proudly We Hail."

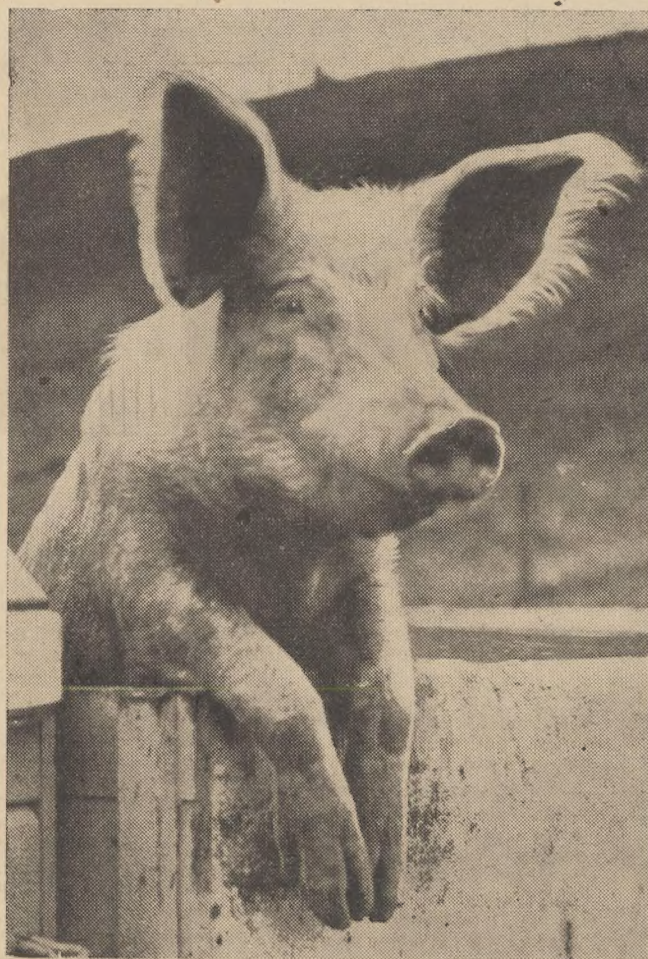


She has a three-mile voice!



He's
trying it
out!

Boys will be boys, and so often has he heard his mother say "Talking to you my lad is like pouring water over a duck's back," that he has decided to see just what she has been talking about all this time.



Miss Jackie Gateley is champion hog-caller of Arkansas, U.S.A. Every time she calls whatever a hog-caller calls to hogs, her voice carries for three miles, and every hog within hearing leaps the fence, pricks up its ears and says "That you a-callin' Jackie?" or whatever it is hogs say when they hear the champion hog-caller hog calling. Sounds almost like Gillie Potter and Hogsno't'n.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF!

"The call for pork is unanimous."

